

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1. The golden days of good Queen Bess.
2. The Greenwich Pensioner.
3. The Tobacco-Box.
4. The done-over Taylor.
5. The Valiant Soldier.



The golden Days of good Queen Bess.

TO my muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery
If we jumble together, music, poetry, and history,
The times to display in the days of Queen Bess. Sir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless, Sir,
Oh the golden days of good Queen Bess!
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess!

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering bravadoes;
For we know how to manage both the sword and the bow,
Sir,
And cou'd bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow, sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd and our houses were thatch'd
Sir,
Our windows were latic'd and our doors only latch'd Sir,
Yet so few were the persons that would plunder or rob, Sir,
That the hangman was starving for want of a job, Sir,
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs w'd round about their neck
fast,
Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef flakes for their breakfast,
While a close quilt'd up coss their nobles just did sit,
And truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, Sir,
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins and doublers, and yellow worsted hose, Sir,
With a huge pair of whiskers was the dress of our beaux, Sir,

Strong beer they preferr'd to claret or to hock, Sir,
 And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, Sir,
 Oh the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef, Sir,
 And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, Sir,
 While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle and the plow,
 Sir,
 And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow, Sir,
 Oh the golden days, &c.

Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice at least to church,
 Sir,
 And never left the parson nor his sermon in the lurch, Sir,
 For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be good
 in, Sir;
 And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd without
 a pudding, Sir,
 Oh the golding days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were
 great, Sir,
 And props of the nation were the pillars of the state, Sir,
 For the sovereign and subject one interest supported,
 And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.
 Oh the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd they liv'd all the days of their lives, Sir,
 Bright examples of glory to those who survive, Sir,
 May we their descendants pursue the same way, Sir,
 That King George, like Queen Bess, may have his golden
 days, Sir,
 And a longer reign of glory and success,
 Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen Bess!

The Greenwich Pensioner.

'TWAS in the good ship Rover,
 I sail'd the world all around,
 And for three years and over
 I ne'er touch'd British ground ;
 At length in England landed,
 I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore ;
 But when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore ;
 She lay, so did it shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight,
 My precious limb was lopp'd off,
 I, when they eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
 To bring up life's rear,
 Altho' I'm disabled;
 And lie in Greenwich tier;
 The king, God bless his royalty,
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty;
 But ne'er to sea again.

The Tobacco Box.

THO' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,
 Let's not loose our prattle my charming Kate,
 Till the hour of glory, love shall now take place,
 Nor damp the joys before us with a future case.

KATE.

Oh, my Thomas, still be constant, still be true;
 Be but to your Kate as Kate is still to you,
 Glory will attend you, still will make you blest—
 Of my firmest love my dear, you are still possess.

THOMAS.

No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above,
 Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love,
 Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize,
 Never Kate, without thee, will I close these eyes.

KATE.

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
 Never think that I will leave thee love the whole campaign.

But I'll cherish thee and strive to make thee bold,
May'st thou share the victory, may'st thou share the gold.

THOMAS.

If by some bold action I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction when the rank you share,
Dress'd like any lady fair from top to toe,
Fine lace cap, and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE.

If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,
Linen shall be ready always for my love;
Never more shall Kate, the Captain's laundress be,
I'm too pretty, Thomas love, for all but thee.

THOMAS.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box,—a soldier's all,
If by French blows your Tom is doom'd to fall,
When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove
Thou'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

KATE.

Here take back thy 'bacco box thou'rt all to me,
No doubt but I'll be near thee thy fate for to see,
In the hour of danger always let me share,
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

THOMAS.

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear,

May kind heaven befriend thee, hark! the drums command,
Honour will attend you—love I kiss your hands.

KATE.

I cannot stop those tears tho' crying I disdain,
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain,
May good heaven defend thee, conquest on the wait
One kiss more, and then—I give thee up to fate.

The done-over Taylor.

A Taylor I was once as blythe as may be,
Until love alas has a devil made of me,
I was once so lusty I was called Will the rover,
But now I am a skeleton and fairly done-over.
Of times in my ship I've stood with great pleasure,
And cut out my cloth to my customers measure,
With a full yard of cabbage I then liv'd in clever,
But her cruel frowns have almost done me over.
The first time I saw her she was dress'd out so gaily,
I fell into fits and they troubled me daily;
The girls do jeer me, that I can go no where,
But they laugh and say there goes the Taylor done over.
The next time I saw her she past by my window,
My goose being hot burnt a sleeve to a cynder,
How cruel she must be the sight does not move her,
I fear these sad fits will some day do me over.
The last time I saw her she was with a bold sailor,
She laugh'd and she said, there's the done-over Taylor,
Good bye to you, stitch-loose, I'm going to Dover;
Was ever a poor Taylor so fairly done over.

The Valiant Soldier.

A Valiant Soldier I dare not name,
From his rendezvous to his quarters
came,

From his rendezvous to his quarters came,
With his pistol loaded I dare not name.

His pistol being so very long,
And loaded was with bullets strong,
For to shoot at random he swore he would,
At some courteous lady, wherever she stood.

Her silken gown, lin'd with shalloon,
And she's a clever young woman grown,
He bow'd his head and his body too,
Saying, love me my dearest, her answer was
—No.

No love at all to you I will shew,
Since love has proved my overthro'
Talk no more about love, I pray give o'er,
For I plainly tell you I'll love you no more.

I pray young man what is your intent?
For the day is gone and it is almost spent,
For the day is gone and night draws near,
So I must go home, sir, no longer stay here.

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F I N I S.